

home—where three jolly boys would soon be coming for the holidays.

And there we will leave them to their useful, humdrum, happy domestic existence—than which there is no better that I know of, at their time of life—and no better time of life than theirs!

*“Où peut-on être mieux qu’au sein de sa famille?”*

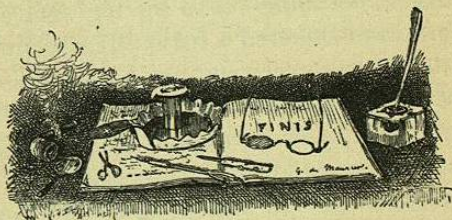
That blessed harbor of refuge well within our reach, and having really cut our wisdom teeth at last, and learned the ropes, and left off hankering after the moon—we can do with so little down here. . . .

A little work, a little play  
To keep us going—and so, good-day!

A little warmth, a little light  
Of love’s bestowing—and so, good-night!

A little fun, to match the sorrow  
Of each day’s growing—and so, good-morrow!

A little trust that when we die  
We reap our sowing! And so—good-bye!



## PETER IBBETSON

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